Dibdin, Thomas John
The will for the deed

PR
4549
D5W5

THE

WILL FOR THE DEED,

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS DIBDIN,

AUTHOR OF GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY—THE CABINET—ENGLISH FLEET—FAMILY QUARRELS—THIRTY THOUSAND—JEW AND DOCTOR—SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE—IL BONDOCANI—BIRTH DAY—ST. DAVID'S DAY—MOUTH OF THE NILE—FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR—VALENTINE AND ORSON—NAVAL PILLAR—HORSE AND THE WIDOW, *&c. &c. &c.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1805.

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Strahan and Preston
Printers-Street.

TO

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, Esq.

Tranſlator of the Stranger, &c. &c.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING nothing *ſubſtantial* to offer as an acknowledgment of your friendſhip, I muſt entreat the favour of your accepting the *Will for the Deed*, from

Dear Sir,

Yours ſincerely,

T. DIBDIN.

London, Feb. 1805.

PROLOGUE,

Written by the Author of the Comedy;

SPOKEN BY MR. BRUNTON.

YE, aweful diſpoſers of bays, and of laurels,
Ye, juſt arbitrators of critical quarrels,
I approach from a bard, who, with proud recollection,
Attributes his all to your lib'ral protection,
Who has yearly ſent ventures, in hopes of your ſmile,
From the *Engliſh Fleet* to the *Mouth of the Nile*;
And diſpatches me now, in moſt deſperate need,
To entreat you'll accept of the *Will for the Deed.*

In this life, ſo bechequer'd with Fortune's vagaries,
Whoſe good and ill agents dance round us like fairies,
Each turn of whoſe wheel leaves ſome worſe, and ſome better,
The poor man makes rich, or the rich man a debtor;
To ſmooth the rough road, where ſuch aid has been wanted,
In each honeſt heart has kind Deſtiny planted
A ſentiment—part of Humanity's creed,
To accept, where we can, of the *Will for the Deed.*

Ye ladies, whoſe beauty, reflecting around us,
Creates all the ſplendors that nightly ſurround us,
Ye beaux, who, like moths, round thoſe ladies are flying,
And cheriſh the flame, by whoſe ardour you're dying;
Ye jolly jack tars up aloft, and all thoſe
Who are neither jack tars, pretty ladies, nor beaux,
Be friends to our cauſe, let our efforts ſucceed,
And accept, where we fail, of the *Will for the Deed.*

Ye Britiſh defenders, and ye who are friends,
To the union of hearts, which our nation defends,

Who

Who know how determin'd we are—paſt all doubt,
To encounter our foes—if they would but come out,
Be, for once, like thoſe foes—and tho' circumſtance courts,
Don't aſſail us, but kindly keep ſnug in your ports,
For they our beſt wiſhes to beat 'em ne'er heed,
Becauſe they like better the *Will for the Deed.*

Ye ſtoicks in letters, whoſe ſentence we dread,
Let the aim of the heart claim excuſe for the head,
In the taſk of to-night 'twas the author's chief end,
To ſolicit his muſe in behalf of a friend *;
Where the muſe has too ſparingly aided the cauſe,
Pray fill up the blanks with indulgent applauſe,
Where wit is deficient, let Friendſhip's voice plead
For him, who confeſſes the *Will for the Deed.*

* The Comedy was produced on the night of Mr. Lewis's benefit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Old Harebrain - -	Mr. MUNDEN.
Harry Harebrain -	Mr. LEWIS.
Antimony - -	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Capias - -	Mr. SIMMONS.
Motto - -	Mr. FAWCETT.
Reference - - -	Mr. FARLEY.
Acorn - -	Mr. EMERY.
Manly - -	Mr. CHAPMAN.
1ſt Bailiff - -	Mr. ATKINS.
2d Bailiff - -	Mr. FIELD.
1ſt Waiter - -	Mr. LEWISS.
2d Waiter - -	Mr. TRUMAN.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Reference -	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Miſs Manly - -	Miſs MARRIOT.
Bar-maid - -	Miſs LESERVE.

Travellers, Lawyers, Waiters, *&c.*

SCENE—*A Country Aſſize Town.*

TIME—Twenty-four Hours.

THE

WILL FOR THE DEED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A country-inn yard (ſign of the King's arms).—Waiters ſhew company acroſs the ſtage, ſeveral of them carrying lawyers' bags, letter caſes, &c.*

Enter BAR-MAID.

BAR-MAID.

THIS way, gentlemen.—A room for lawyer Longſuit!—More claret for counſellor Clackaway, and a bottle of beer for the bum-bailey!—Dear, dear! what a buſtle do theſe 'ſizes put us in!—We be full of plaintys and defenders, and witneſſes, already!—And here be the players coming to ſee what they can pick up!—Bleſs my heart, what a thing it be to live in a town that's viſited every quarter ſeſſion with the ſins of the whole county!—Aye, aye, here be't players ſure enough!—I ſhan't ſtay to tend *them*, while the houſe is full of gentlefolks—coming! coming! [*Runs off.*

Enter MR. *and* MRS. REFERENCE.

Mrs. R. Well, Mr. Reference, thank heaven we are arrived—I fear'd we ſhou'd never have been in time.

Ref. All's well that ends well; tho' I really thought they'd have kept us at the *Turnpike Gate* till the *Midnight Hour*.

Mrs. R. Will you never have done with that ſtupid ſtile of converſation, proclaiming your profeſſion to every body, and repeating the names of plays, as if you were a walking catalogue?

Ref. So much the better, madam, I live by *Management*, and exiſt by *Notoriety*.

Mrs. R. The aſſizes will make us good buſineſs, I have no doubt.—Are our forces all muſtered?

Ref. Advanced guard marched in yeſterday—centre diviſion came with us; and our new actor brings up the rear with Mr. and Miſs Manly.

Mrs. R. Miſs Manly indeed?—I've no patience with that puſs—ſhe is—

Reference. The *Child of Nature*; and it can be no diſgrace to her father, that he is the *Poor Gentleman*.

Mrs. R. But, ſir, I won't have any characters taken from me by the beſt poor gentleman's daughter in chriſtendom.

Ref. Miſs Manly is a perfect *Stranger* to the *School for Scandal*; nor would ſhe, as to character, "rob you of that," which, certainly, could not "enrich her."

Mrs.

Mrs. R. Sir, I mean my *theatrical* characters, which ſhe has too long monopolized; but this night ſhall finiſh her career—ſhe, and her father, ſhall be diſcharged—remember, my dear, it ſhall be—

Ref. As You Like it, or elſe there'll be the *Devil to Pay.*

Mrs. R. Aye, aye, ſir, diſcharge them inſtantly, or never expect another quiet moment.

[*Exit.*

Ref. She will have her own way; but, I'm ſorry to ſay, *She Stoops to Conquer.*—When I quitted the part of the *Old Batchelor*, for the *Married Man*, how little did I expect the *Tempeſt* which *Three Weeks after Marriage* conjured up.—Well, you may talk of *Secrets worth Knowing*, but he who underſtands the *Taming of the Shrew*, muſt be a *Man of Ten Thouſand.*—So, here come the father and daughter I am to diſmiſs—how ſhall I ſet about it? Our new friend, Harry, I ſee, ſticks cloſe to the young lady.

HARRY HAREBRAIN, *ſpeaking as he enters.*

Harry. Don't tell me; I don't care how full the houſe is. This way, my dear Miſs Manly—this way, ſir—I am perfectly acquainted with every part of this houſe—and am never ſo proud, as when I ſee my friends in it.

Enter MR. *and* MISS MANLY.

Well, manager, here we are, famouſly fatigued! Curious travelling in your new caravan!

I thought country theatricals had now aſpired to the dignity of a poſt-chaiſe; but you are renewing the days of our forefather Theſpis.

Ref. Cheap Living, ſir, is as neceſſary to the children of Theſpis, as any other family.

Harry. Right, my king of ſhreds and patches. Mr. Manly, will you permit me to eſcort Miſs Harriet into the houſe? I am known here, and may procure better accommodation than this buſtling week would afford to a ſtranger.

Harriet (*to* Harry). My father is unaccuſtomed to travelling in this way; and you will infinitely oblige me, by transferring your attentions to him.

Manly. I thank you, my dear child; but had rather follow you and our friend Harry. I have a few words to ſay to Mr. Reference upon buſineſs, and will join you inſtantly.

(*Walks aſide with* Reference.)

Harry. Here, waiters! Shew a room, ye rogues! Waiter!

Enter WAITER *from the houſe.*

Waiter. Sir, we're quite full.

Harry. So much the better—I'm glad to hear it. (*Going.*)

Waiter. But, Sir, the gentlemen of the law—

Harry. The gentlemen of the law have too much reſpect for the gown, not to give way to the ladies of the land—ſo come along—we'll find room enough, I warrant you.

[*Exit with* Miſs Manly, *followed by the Waiter.*

Ref. (*To* Manly.) If you ſuffer Miſs Harriet to

to liſten to *Lovers' Vows*, I foreſee that young man is in a fair *Way to get Married.*

Manly. I have powerful reaſons to rely upon his honour.

Ref. Ay, Ay, when he has ſown his *Wild Oats*, he may make a very good ſort of a *Son-in-law.*

Manly. A truce to pleaſantry! When we firſt met, it was under circumſtances as impoſing on my gratitude, as they were creditable to your honour and ſenſibility.

Ref. Say *What you Will*, only don't make *Much ado about Nothing.*

Manly. Yet it is with pain I have perceived that your wife—I may be wrong.—You know I have ſeen better days, and my pride, however humbled, ſtill revolts at the idea of making your domeſtic quiet a ſacrifice to my convenience.

Ref. Humph! now to make this pill palatable. (*Aſide.*) Pardon me, Sir, Mrs. Reference has obſerved, with regret, how little our profeſſion ſeems to accord with your inclination.—She, therefore, thinks with me, that this *Bank Note*—(*Offering one.*)

Manly. I perceive your kind intentions; but if propriety wou'd ſuffer my acceptance of your generous offer, your own circumſtances forbid that—

Ref. There, my worthy friend, you're *All in the Wrong*; for tho' I haven't *Five Thouſand a Year*, yet, under *Lock and Key*, I keep a *Purſe* to prevent *Family Quarrels*; and I beg you'll keep the *Secret.*

Manly. One mode preſents itſelf, by which I can, in a ſhort time, repay you. I will not, therefore, oppoſe

oppoſe your kind intentions; beſides, I can, with more probity, accept a loan, than continue to receive ſums, which, tho' called ſalaries by your good nature, have hitherto been almoſt gratuitous.

Ref. On the ſcore of obligation, let us be *Deaf and Dumb*. *Every Man in his Humour*; and 'tis mine, thro' *Life*, whenever the *Chapter of Accidents* affords me an opportunity of helping a brother, to do it heartily; and, let the *Man of the World* think as he will, it's *Two to One* if he don't find *Liberal Opinions* a *Cure for the Heart Ach*.

[*Exit into the houſe.*

Manly. Whimſical, generous man! Am I ever to be the ſlave of obligation; or is it conſiſtent with the thanks I owe to Providence for benefits in misfortune, to repine becauſe thoſe benefits are derived from a ſource I once too ignorantly deſpiſed? [*Exit into the houſe.*

SCENE II.—*A chamber in the inn—an eaſy chair, table, &c.*

HARRY *enters, followed by a man with a trunk.*

Harry. Well, well, my lad, there's for your trouble. What noiſe was that I heard juſt now?

Waiter. The mail-coach has broke down at the corner of the ſtreet, ſir, and all hands were running to help the paſſengers; but nobody is hurt.

Harry. That's well, however.—You may go, my friend.

Waiter. Free and eaſy for an actor. [*Exit.*

Harry. With ſome difficulty Harriet and her father have got a room.—The maſter of the houſe knows

knows me, and if I do not buy his ſilence, my frolick from Oxford may coſt me more than I meant. —I hope I am not deceived in this Mr. Manly.—I am plaguily tired, ſure enough; and this eaſy chair is ſo apropos (*ſits down*). My old dad has very little notion of *where* I am, and old Manly as little thinks *who* I am; but if things turn out well, and I can get my father's concurrence to make one worthy man happy, and prevail on his daughter to make another worthy man happy, why, then, we ſhall all be happy, and——

Old Hare. (*Speaks without.*) Come along, old Antimony—come along.

Harry. Why, by all that's unexpected, here's my father himſelf; he has found me out, and—there's no way out without meeting him—ſo I'll take ſhelter in this great chair, and ſee what ſort of humour he's in (*turns the chair round, and conceals himſelf in it*).

Waiter *ſhews on* Old HAREBRAIN *and* ANTIMONY.

Hare. Never mind, friend, never mind—I tell you fretting is no remedy at all; it's only clapping one misfortune on the back of another.

Ant. No! doesn't one poiſon drive out another? —And if poiſon——

Hare. Don't talk of poiſon, but let's have a bottle of port.

Ant. It's the ſame thing. Port at a country inn muſt be precious beverage!

Hare. So much the better—'twill make us more content with our wine at home.

Ant.

Ant. Pſha! you are always ſo damn'd ſatisfied —I wonder where you find temper.

Hare. No wonder at all, when you are always loſing it. Well, thank Heaven, I never met a calamity from which I cou'dn't derive ſome benefit.

Ant. That's much to ſay at your time of life— Conſider how old you are, and tremble.

Hare. Not I—I rejoice to think I wasn't cut off in my prime.

Ant. Better than live to ſee the rogueries of the world—had I died thirty years ago——

Hare. You'd have gone to heaven in an ill humour.

Ant. But you have been fortunate—I have met with loſſes.

Hare. And ſo have I—I loſt my credit, and then loſt the friend who reſtor'd it to me.—And, in one ſingle day I loſt a ſweetheart, a law-ſuit, and a wager of a thouſand pounds, without loſing my temper.

Ant. The devil you did! Why, how did you loſe your ſweetheart?

Hare. By making her my wife.

Ant. Umph! You loſt your law-ſuit—?

Hare. By refuſing to take a doubtful oath.— And if integrity won't keep a man in temper, he muſt be a melancholy dog indeed.

Ant. Pretty talking! But where was your temper, when you loſt your wager of a thouſand pounds?

Hare.

Hare. In my pocket. Old Riſible had laid me a thouſand pounds he would leave me half his eſtate.—I accepted the bet for the good of my family; and my law-ſuit, wedding, and wager, were all determined at the ſame time.

Ant. Well, now, haven't I a right to be out of humour, when, after being toſſed out of the mail into the mud, they bring neither refreſhment, conſolation, nor attention of any kind? But I'll teach 'em who they've got in their houſe. Here, landlord! waiter! This is gratitude for our cuſtom! but I'll let 'em know, if the coach hadn't broke down as it did, I wou'dn't have ſtopt within ſeven miles of them. [*Exit.*

Hare. There goes old Antimony, who makes the worſt of every thing, and is only miſerable when he has nothing to complain of. It's too late to go forward to-night; but when I arrive at Oxford, if I do but find my boy Harry improved, I'll make a man of him—his riſe ſhall be rapid. Oh! what a glorious thing it is, for an old man to ſee a favourite ſon ſtarting up, ſuddenly as it were, when leaſt expected.

(*Turns the Chair to ſit down,* Harry *jumps up.*)

Eh! why, who the devil have we here? Why, Harry, this is ſtarting up ſuddenly with a vengeance! And pray, ſir, what brought you from Oxford?

Harry. My impatience, ſir, to ſee you.—I knew the ſurpriſe would be agreeable, and—and—how the devil ſhall I get off. (*Aſide.*)

Hare.

Hare. Vaſtly kind! And you foreſaw, I ſuppoſe, that I ſhould be overturned in the mail, and——

Harry. No, ſir. But, having an idea you *might* be coming this way, my anxiety led me to——

Hare. To fall faſt aſleep in a chair. Come, come, I won't preſs the ſubject, becauſe I won't be the cauſe of your practiſing deceit, to excuſe it. But, if I thought you came to ſeduce the daughter, or wife, of an honeſt man, you'd loſe all your old father's affection, you wou'd, you graceleſs young rogue.

Harry. In ſuch a caſe, ſir, I ſhou'd moſt juſtly deſerve your anger.

Hare. No, ſir, you wou'dn't be worth my anger, I could only pity your depravity.—But, I'm monſtrous glad to ſee you. How lucky was our accident! I told old Antimony it was all for the beſt I was coming to fetch you to town.

Harry. Any very particular cauſe for a pleaſure ſo unexpected, Sir?

Hare. Unexpected! Why, I thought you had an idea that I might be on the road.

Harry. True, Sir; but I mean as to your intention of my returning with you.

Hare. Umph! no—nothing very material.— A matrimonial ſcheme, that's all, my boy!

Harry. Indeed, Sir! I thought you had never intended to marry again.

Hare. No more I do, but that's no reaſon why you ſhou'dn't; ſo I've ſaved you a great deal of trouble. I've ſettled all the preliminaries; brought the

the writings with me for you to ſign, and am very glad to find you have ſo cheerfully met me half way in the buſineſs.

Harry. Me, Sir! Why I—I never was married in my life, and I really don't know what to think of it ſo ſuddenly.

Hare. But I do.—I think marriage is a very pleaſant, comfortable, reſpectable ſtate, for all it's the cuſtom to rail againſt it.

Harry. Then, why not try it again yourſelf, Sir?

Hare. Becauſe no man has a right to expect two prizes in the ſame lottery. Here's our old friend, Antimony!—He has all the ſettlements in his box there; and, with his aſſiſtance, they'll ſoon be executed.

Harry. I wiſh *he* was executed.

Hare. Why, here's *your* portmanteau! What, you brought your *wardrobe* to meet your father too?

Harry. (*Aſide.*) My *ſtage* wardrobe. Why, really, Sir, I brought this, becauſe—But, as you ſay, here's our old friend, Antimony!

Enter ANTIMONY.

Pleaſant as ever!—Good-natur'd to a fault!—My dear Sir, I'm overjoyed to ſee you. (*Shakes hands with him.*) But ſomething ſeems to have ruffled your temper!

Hare. That's impoſſible, for it was never ſmooth!—E'ent you ſurprized, old boy, to ſee Harry in this houſe?

Ant. I'm ſurprized to ſee any body in the houſe; for I can get no anſwer, nor any thing to eat. I can neither get a word from *their* mouths, nor a morſel for my own.

Hare. Then, there will be the leſs to pay.

Ant. And yet we muſt ſtay; for there isn't a chaiſe to be had, and the coach can't be repaired.

Hare. So much the better for the horſes.

Harry. Sir, don't be uneaſy.—I am a favourite with our landlord, and the moment I find him, you may depend on a good ſupper, a well-air'd bed, and a bottle of the beſt.

Ant. I've ſeen him, and a precious fellow he is!

Harry. He's a bit of an oddity, ſure enough; but a very honeſt fellow.—He was bred an Aerald-painter, then ſet up the King's Arms here; and to ſhew his learning, interlards his converſation with all the mottoes he uſed to paint upon coach-doors, corporation arms, funeral inſcriptions, and club-room regalia, without underſtanding one of them.—And, egad, here he comes, to confirm my report of him!

MOTTO—*ſpeaking as he enters.*

Pretty attendance, truly! Gueſts waiting, and waiters out of the way!—Gentlemen, I beg ten thouſand pardons—it's a buſy time, to be ſure, but my people are ſo idle, that I am obliged to be *Non eſt inventus* in every part of the houſe.

Hare. Well, give us a tankard of your beſt, and we'll excuſe it.

Harry.

Harry. Ay, quick, my noble knight of the napkin—we have been waiting.

Motto. Oh! what is it you?—Waiter, a tankard of ale!—Well, and how's our old friend, Mr. Reference? (Harry *ſtops his mouth.*)

Hare. Who the devil's Mr. Reference?

Harry. Only a cuſtomer, who has brought a large *company* with him—and—not a word of the actors!—Here's the ale, Sir—and, I'll anſwer for it, you'll like it.

Motto. That you will. (*Gives it to* Antimony.) It's mild as mother's milk; and if you were to drink a gallon of it, you'd find it *Nemo me impune laceſſit.*

Ant. So I ſhou'd think, for it's pure ſtrong. (*Returns the tankard.*)

Motto. The right ſtingo, you may depend on it. My gueſts can't be impoſed on, for I always look into theſe things myſelf. (*Drinks.*)

Hare. (*Taking the tankard.*) And when you *do* look into theſe things, your reſearches are pretty *deep* ones.

Harry. (*Apart to* Motto.) That's my father.—So, mum about the players. It will be your intereſt to keep all that a profound ſecret. (*Slips a purſe into his hand.*)

Motto. It will be my intereſt to keep all *this.*—Mum! I'll be diſcretion itſelf—perfectly *Nemo omnibus horis ſapit,* as a body may ſay.

Hare. Well, I'll to bed!—You and the old one may ſup together. He'll tell you more of my intentions, and we'll talk further in the morning.

Ant. It's the ale has made you drowſy. Drink is the ruin of many a man's conſtitution.

Motto. True, Sir—*Vires acquirit eundo:* but this ale is ſcarce.—You'll find it poſitively *Hic et ubique.*

Hare. Well, well, ſhew me a bed-room.

Harry. Nay, Sir, but—

Hare. The houſe is all buſtle; beſides, there's a play to be acted here, and I've no taſte for thoſe things.

Ant. A play! what's it called?

Motto. Veluti in ſpeculum—its wrote up over the curtain.—I ſhall be monſtrous buſy preſently.—I ſhall ſee the play, and ſerve my cuſtomers, for I am never idle.—I abominate the *Utile dulce*, and wou'd ſcorn to be like my own ſervants, who are always *Utrumque paratus.*

Hare. Will you ſhew me to bed?

Motto. That I will—and ſuch a bed, that you ſhall own in the morning, that you were *Non omnibus dormio.*—This way, if you pleaſe, Sir. [*Exit.*

Harry. But if this match, Sir, ſhould be diſagreeable, I hope—

Hare. I don't like to think of any thing diſagreeable, when I'm going to bed—and if you are fond of unpleaſant ſubjects, I leave you to old Antimony. [*Exit.*

Ant. Much obliged to you. What! he has broken the ice, has he?

Harry. Ice indeed! It has frozen all my hopes. And ſo, in that box are papers of great conſequence?

Ant.

Ant. Not worth a farthing till they are ſigned, only it would take ſome time and trouble to replace them.

Harry. You know my father is very indulgent, and—is this the box?—I wiſh I could get him out of the way. (*Aſide.*)

Ant. Yes, that's the box—It contains little of conſequence but your marriage ſettlements, and a writ of execution on a judgment I have obtained againſt one Manly, who is to be found in theſe parts.

Harry. Manly! Indeed!

Ant. Yes; a fooliſh fellow, who ruin'd himſelf by his nonſenſical benevolence and liberality, and ſecurities for friends, which have brought him to a paſs, that will leave him without a friend in the world.

Harry. (*Aſide.*) Not if I can help it. Then Manly's account of himſelf is true?

Ant. Well, what are you thinking of? Let's have fire, and order ſupper. Tho' travelling is ſo expenſive, I dare ſay they charge for firing here.

Harry. I wiſh he was out of the room. (*Aſide.*) Do you mean to ſee the play, Sir?

Ant. No; I ſuppoſe you do?

Harry. O yes; I ſhou'd like it. I wiſh I had that box. (*Apart.*)

Ant. Eh! which of the boxes do you prefer.

Harry. (*Half aſide.*) The blue box, with the ſtring round it.

Ant. The what! Nay, but Harry, as you know theſe dilatory people, call for fire.

Harry. No bad thing. Here, landlord! landlord!

Ant. That's right—I ſee you have ſome ſpirit—landlord!

Enter MOTTO *in a great buſtle.*

Motto. Your pleaſure, Gentlemen? Hav'n't a moment to ſpare—ſupper in the ſtable-loft—playhouſe in the barn, and ſmoaking-club in the parlour. *Spectas, et tu ſpectabere*—bottle of wine or cyder! Biſcuits, fruit, ale, pipe of tobacco, or a bill of the play.

Harry. Leave your bill till we call for it, and let us have ſome fire.

Motto. (*Calling off.*) Fire for two in the parlour! What ſized faggot would you like, Gentlemen?

Ant. Faggots!

Motto. Have 'em of all ſorts—*Pro aris et focis*, as a body may ſay—ſixpenny, ſhilling, or eighteen pence. But I'll fetch 'em directly—Faggots for two—a hot poker to light 'em, and a bill of the play. [*Exit.*

Ant. Here's hoſpitality! Here's England degenerated! Bills charged to the utmoſt, and then come poſt-boys, oſtlers, boots, chambermaids, and faggots at eighteen pence a-piece.

Harry. Right, Sir, for my part, I'll not be impoſed on.—Travellers may go on, grumble, grumble, grumble; but I'll be active.—Theſe things ſhall be reformed—promiſe to ſtand by me—don't interrupt what I am about to do, and I'll gain my point, depend on it.

Ant.

Ant. And you may depend on me—You're a lad of ſpirit—never found one ſo completely of my own kidney before.

Enter MOTTO, *with a red-hot poker, and a fire faggot.*

Motto. Take care, Gentlemen—beſt faggot in the whole bundle—and the poker is—*qui capit, ille facit,* as a body may ſay.

Ant. Who the devil wants to face it?

Harry. (*Snatching the faggot.*) And pray, Sir, what may you charge for this?

Motto. Shou'd be eighteen pence—put it into *you,* gentlemen, at a ſhilling—and if that isn't *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe,* the devil's in it.

Harry. Hark ye, Sir,—are you not anſwerable for every article of luggage in this room?

Motto. To be ſure I am.

Harry. (*Snatching the poker.*) Then, Sir, I'm determined to puniſh your extortion—to charge us for this, a twopenny bundle of twigs—Burn this! No, I'll not ſubmit to it—I'll burn my own luggage firſt, and make you pay for it.

Motto. Burn his luggage! the gentleman's *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio,* more military than civil, as a body may ſay.

(*Harry puts his box on the grate, and runs the poker into it—it blazes.*)

Harry. Yes, I'll burn my luggage, and make the landlord pay for it.

Ant. Well ſaid, Harry!

Harry. We'll have a fire, I warrant. Ever while you live, burn your luggage! *(Puts Antimony's box on the fire.)*

Ant. What are you at?

Motto. Strait waiſtcoats for two! in the parlour! the gentlemen are *Mens et corpore ſano.* [*Exit.*

Ant. Murder! Fire!

Harry. You ſhall have fire enough, never fear.

Ant. They are all papers.

Harry. They'll burn the better.

Ant. I have loſt my judgment.

Harry. (*Turns round with the poker, as if by accident.*) Nay, but, my dear Sir.

Ant. (*Avoids him.*) Sir, I'll be revenged.—Dear, dear! when a man at my time of life, is laden with wrongs and injuries—

Harry. The beſt thing he can do, is to burn his luggage. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another apartment at the inn.*

Enter HARRIET MANLY.

Harriet. How very unfortunate we are! When a momentary ſmile of fortune had diſpelled the cloud, which hung ſo heavily on my father's brow, that inveterate enemy, Mr. Antimony, has ſuddenly appeared, to overwhelm us with moſt bitter apprehenſions! perhaps to deprive my parent once more of his liberty, and heap new ſorrows on a wretched daughter. (*Walks up the ſtage.*)

Enter MOTTO.

Motto. That young lady ſeems very uneaſy.—Oh! It's the daughter of the player gentleman—They ſay ſhe's pretty—I wiſh ſhe'd look this way.

Harriet. (*Not minding Motto.*) I heard him enquire for an attorney.

Motto. Now, my ſweet young lady, don't alarm yourſelf. The young gentleman—you know who—has, I believe, ſettled that buſineſs—Or, if any thing *ſhou'd* happen, for *your* ſweet ſake, I could find in my heart to be bail myſelf. Now, don't weep—for the tears of a pretty girl are ſure to make me *Nunc eſt ridendum*, as a body may ſay.

Har. We came here to eſcape misfortunes, and little

little imagined chance would have thrown us on the very ſpot, where they are moſt to be dreaded. *(Weeps.)*

Motto. What ſhall I ſay to her? To be ſure, Miſs, that manager's wife is a mere *Summum bonum*; ſhe can't bear the ſight of you, becauſe you are beautiful as a *Memento mori.*

Har. My father's enemies cauſe my tears—I care not for myſelf.

Motto. What a worthy girl! Perfectly *Cui bono.* How delightfully ſhe wou'd make up for the loſs of poor Mrs. Motto! Ah, Miſs, I once had a charming wife—a good creature, like yourſelf—ſhe was *Malum in ſe* all her life, and has left me—*Riſum teneatis amici.*

Har. Heavens! how I am diſtreſſed!

Motto. And ſo am I, Miſs; for ſhe got more money in the ſingle article of rum-punch, than I do by all my buſineſs. It was her delicate method of brewing it. She never ſent a cuſtomer home ſober in her life—not that ſhe followed their example, tho' ſhe ſat with them, till ſhe was *Noſcitur a ſociis.*—Then, for gentleneſs, ſhe was *Vi et armis*; and as to modeſty—*Cætera deſunt.*

Har. I beg your pardon, Sir—in my anxiety for my parent's ſituation, I had forgot my own—and tho' I do not underſtand half the kind things you have been ſaying, I am equally indebted to your generous intentions. [*Exit.*

Motto. Oho! I ſee, now, what made Mr. Henry burn the papers—He pities the father, for the

the daughter's ſake—here he comes—I'll touch on the tender ſubject for a little information.

Enter HARRY.

Harry. I thought I ſaw Miſs Manly here.

Motto. She was here; but the moment I ſaid a civil thing to her, ſhe was gone.

Harry. You ſay civil things to her!

Motto. Wou'd you have me rude? I ſee how it is with you. Cupid has made you *Sic vos, non vobis*; but you need not fear me—I am harmleſs—an abſolute *Anguis in herba*—And tho' the girls fly me, as if I was a *factotum*, yet they'd find me *vice verſa* at any time.

Harry. I fear her father's circumſtances are deſperate.

Motto. Very deſperate—He's *Nil debet*—over head and ears in debt—A pretty laſt night's work you made of it.

Harry. Is my father up yet?

Motto. No; but he knows all. The other old gentleman made me light him up to his room, and told him the whole affair.

Harry. And what ſaid my father?

Motto. He called Mr. Antimony an old blockhead for diſturbing him, and promiſed to be monſtrous angry when he waked in the morning.—So, I'd adviſe you to keep out of the way.—Here comes the manager's wife.—That woman is a downright vixen; and, in ſpite of all her attempts to appear amiable, take my word, ſhe has a tongue

that is perfectly *Suaviter in modo*, as a body may ſay. [*Exit.*

Harry. I'll ſoon ſend her about her buſineſs.—There's no time to be loſt.—I hope Manly is a good fellow, for the ſake of human nature; for when diſſimulation obtains the aid of generoſity, real deſert may ſuffer, while—now, what a confounded hypocrite I am myſelf!—To ſpeak the truth, I muſt own, I wiſh the father may prove an honeſt fellow, becauſe I love his daughter to diſtraction. [*Enter* Mrs. Reference.

Mrs. R. Love, Mr. Harry!—Did you talk of love? Why, then, I have caught you, have I?

Harry. No, my dear Ma'am, you have not caught me at any rate. I was ſaying, that I love to diſtraction to ſee honeſty painted in its true colours—So, I beſeech you, tell me what you have heard relative to our friend Manly, and—

Mrs. R. And his *beautiful* daughter.—I underſtand the motive of your inquiry.

Harry. Nay, now, my dear Ma'am, is it a crime to be intereſted in the cauſe of *beauty?*—I'm ſure if you were in diſtreſs—

Mrs. R. Oh, Sir!

Harry. I ſhould be all impatience to—to hear your ſtory.

Mrs. R. Then, Sir, Mr. Manly (which by the bye is not his real name) ran away from his creditors, one of whom diſcovered and lodged him in our county jail.

Harry. Well, Ma'am!—

Mrs.

Mrs. R. His daughter (who only wanted to go on the ſtage, and be taken notice of) came crying to my huſband for an engagement, to enable her to maintain her dear father, forſooth.

Harry. Sweet girl! Go on, Ma'am.

Mrs. R. My huſband, who has no taſte, and of courſe thought the girl pretty, tho' I confeſs I ſee nothing ſtriking about her, granted her requeſt, and proved—

Harry. A damn'd honeſt fellow!—And he'd alſo be a pleaſant one, if he would but omit thoſe curſed nonſenſical names of plays.—They are the ruin of all converſation.

REFERENCE, *as he enters.*

Every one has his Fault!

Mrs. R. And its time yours were amended.

Ref. Better late than never, my dear.

Mrs. R. I was juſt telling this gentleman that you found Mr. Manly.

Ref. The good-natured Man—was ſorry to ſee him *the Priſoner*, and thought it a pity the *Engliſh merchant* ſhould want *A Friend in Need.*

Mrs. R. He's at it again!

Harry. Don't interrupt, I beg of you.

Ref. His daughter came to me as *the Suppliant.*—I found *Ways and Means* to ſet the *Priſoner at Large*, and that lady inſtantly became the *Jealous Wife.*

Mrs. R. It's falſe, Sir!—I'd have you know I never was the jealous wife.

Ref.

Ref. Then, I wiſh you'd be the *Silent Woman.*

Mrs. R. But I'll be revenged yet of the demure ſlut.—I have learned who *you* are too, Sir, and think it my duty to inform your father what dangerous hands his ſon is likely to fall into.

Harry. And I think it mine to hear Manly's ſtory from his own mouth. And if it has only merit enough to ſteer between your *good*, and your *ill* natured narrative, I think my father has too much wiſdom in his anger to be deceived by any miſrepreſentation that—Zounds, here he is!

Enter Old HAREBRAIN, *and* ANTIMONY.

(Harry *takes* Mr. *and* Mrs. Reference *apart.*)

Ant. I tell you, Mr. Harebrain, it is not for the beſt.—I will have our agreement made good.—Your ſon ſhall marry my niece; and as for Mr. Manly, I have a rod in pickle for him.—Old Capias is down here at the aſſizes, and has another writ to fix him, I warrant.

Hare. Fiddle of old Capias!

Ant. But I will have juſtice.—If you chooſe to make a fool of your ſon, you ſhall not make a fool of me.—I underſtand the law, Sir; and as you ſeem to think every thing for the beſt, I'll put you into a Chancery ſuit, and then ſee what you'll get by that.

Hare. It will teach me patience, old Antimony.

Ant. Then you ſhall have a rare long leſſon.—a ſimple ſyſtem-monger, who pretends to find good in every thing—but I'll puzzle you.

Hare.

Hare. I'm afraid you will, to find any good in *you.*—And if my ſon has any rational objection to offer—(*Sees* Harry).—I'll knock you down, you raſcal!

Harry. Not till you have heard me, I'm ſure, Sir.

Ref. Upon my honour, Sir, when you *Hear both Sides*, you'll not ſay, *He's much to blame.*

Hare. And, who the devil are you, Sir?

Ant. Oh! that's one of your ſon's precious preceptors; and you ſee the fruits of their inſtructions!—But I'll leave you together—and, as ſoon as old Capias has locked up Mr. Manly, as he calls himſelf, I'll away to town; and, unleſs I have ample ſatisfaction in three days, I'll declare all the law that Weſtminſter-hall can wage againſt you. [*Exit.*

Hare. (*To* Reference). And ſo, Sir, you are one of the actor people, that—

Ref. Yes, Sir; and I am not aſhamed to ſay—

Harry. (*Apart to* Reference.) Now, do go along, and don't mind him.

Ref. I will juſt obſerve, Sir, that the actor, as well as the *Farmer*, who lends an honeſt hand to *Speed the Plough*, has a right to reap all the benefits of *Harveſt Home.* [*Exit.*

Hare. Was there ever ſuch a—

Harry. Now, my dear Sir—

Mrs. R. He's rightly ſerved; but I'll undeceive the old gentleman.—I'll open his eyes.—Sir, the very great regard I have for your ſon's intereſt—

Hare.

Hare. Regard! Oh! what you're the huſſy I ſuppoſe, who has deluded him from his duty, and now want to cajole the old fellow into conſent and forgiveneſs.

Mrs. R. Sir, I aſſure you—

Hare. Ay, Ay! it may do when you are at your tricks on the ſtage, but it won't do here, Madam.

Harry. I'll humour this, and be even with her, however, Sir; the regard this lady has for me, is equally returned; and in pleading the cauſe of worth, innocence, and beauty, I only—

Hare. I won't hear a ſyllable.

Harry. Now, do hear her, Sir.—It's very hard you won't let her begin.

Hare. It's much harder to make you ſtop.

Mrs. R. The moment I found your ſon was a young man of family—

Harry. She determined to ſet her cap at me.

Mrs. R. Don't liſten to him, Sir, he has deceived me already.

Hare. Oh, you wicked villain!

Harry. Sir, I admire fine women to diſtraction.—And if they will ſometimes return the compliment, who the devil can help it?

Mrs. R. I cannot ſuffer you to continue in this error. I ſay, I was deceived in ſuppoſing, that your ſon had ſome little taſte about him.

Hare. Damn his taſte!

Mrs. R. And, that when he left his ſtudies, I imagined he had been attracted by a perſon of more worth and figure. (*Bridling.*)

Hare.

Hare. And ſo did I, upon my ſoul.

Mrs. R. And what is more extraordinary—

Hare. Nothing *can* be more extraordinary, than his falling in love with you.

Mrs. R. Sir!

Hare. For, now you talk of attraction, curſe me if I ſee a ſingle point about you.

Mrs. R. Then, you are an old blind buzzard.—Sir, there *have* been people with better eye-ſights; but when folks are determined—

Harry. My dear, ſweet angel woman!—

Mrs. R. Pſha! You are a greater blockhead than your father. To be turned into ridicule, and taken for a ſeducer.—Sir, I'd have you know, that I abhor ſuch practices.—I am a married woman, Sir, and defy your ſon to ſay I ever attempted to make myſelf agreeable to him, or any body elſe. [*Exit.*

Hare. Come here, Sir!—E'ent you the luckieſt dog in England?—And don't you try all you can to counteract your own good fortune?

Harry. Indeed, Sir, I have ſo many things to thank you for, that I ſcarcely know at preſent where to begin.

Hare. Wasn't you born of moſt reſpectable parents?

Harry. All owing to *you*, Sir, without a doubt.

Hare. Didn't you plague me when at ſchool to come home; and, then, didn't you always want to go back again.

Harry. And yet, Sir, I hope the progreſs I made—

Hare. It was in wickedneſs, then.—Wasn't I obliged to take you away, for fear you ſhou'd beat your maſter?

Harry. What, in wickedneſs, Sir!

Hare. And, now, inſtead of minding your ſtudies at college, I find you making love to a mad actreſs, and running a red hot poker into old Antimony's box of buſineſs.

Harry. I plead guilty, Sir—I certainly was never very remarkable for gravity; and can't ſay, but I have cut a few comical capers in my time, which have been ſo well received, that I often flattered myſelf they were not quite blameable—and that they did not proceed from an ill-intention, I can make tolerably evident.

Hare. As how, pray, Mr. Modeſty?

Harry. Why, Sir, whenever I was peculiarly felicitous in any attempt at mirth or eccentricity, I was generally honoured with the appellation of a chip of the old block.

Hare. (*Softening.*) Why, was you?

Harry. People will flatter you know, Sir.—And very agreeable flattery it was to me; for all my exploits put together, will never weigh a hair againſt that one clever trick you play'd the exciſeman.

Hare. That I played, you dog!

Harry. To be ſure, it was his own fault.—And if people will peep where they have no buſineſs, as he did into the rum puncheon—

Hare. Rum puncheon! it was a pickling-tub, you blockhead.

Harry. They muſt expect to be popt in over head and ears.

Hare. I ſay, Harry, he went home pretty well *cured.*—But the beſt of the joke was—ha! ha! ha! (*Both laugh.*) What are you at, you ſly villain? You have got me into a tale of a tub, when I ought to be choking with paſſion.—But you ſhall leave this place directly.—And if you won't ſtick to college, I'll ſend you abroad, and then, like many others, you'll know the value of a good home the moment you have loſt ſight of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the Inn.*

Enter MANLY *and* CAPIAS.

Manly. And, what right have you, Mr. Capias, to doubt the veracity of my aſſertions. You know there is a deed in being, which gives me property to a large amount, more than ſufficient to exonerate me from the claims of either of you.

Capias. I don't ſay I doubt your aſſertion. There might have been ſuch a deed; but if yet in being why not produce it?

Manly. I hope I am wrong in my ſuſpicions; but your former colleague—

Capias. Is as innocent as *I* am—but why are you thus ſituated? You had a friend abroad, who was, at one time, under obligations to you, and is, now rich.

Manly. He came home ſoon after I did; and

has never anſwered one of the numerous letters I ſent him.

Capias. I know you have never *received* an anſwer (*aſide*); but, he may have written, and his letters may have miſcarried.

Manly. Perhaps ſo; but, as I do not mean to apply to him on any pecuniary account, why mention him?

Capias. Well, Sir, as I take it, your caſe ſtands thus: Your brother having made a will, which left you nothing, but a great deal to my friend Antimony, and myſelf, ſwore he would never make another.

Manly. But fraternal affection made him repent his raſh vow, and he ſigned a ſubſequent *deed*, not a *will*, meaning thereby to ſave his word from violation, and preſerve me from poverty.—Now, as this *deed* can't be found, and you and Mr. Antimony, who had acceſs to my brother's papers, inſiſt on ſubſtituting the will, I muſt, of courſe, ſuſpect *you*.

Capias. Now, that is very ungenerous, when I offer you a round ſum to give up all claim to ſuch a paper.

Manly. And is not this ſuſpicious?

Capias. Dear, dear, what a world we live in! When a man can't be liberal, without being ſuſpected. If you ſuppoſe either I, or Antimony have it, would it not be the holder's intereſt to deſtroy it? And, that I have not done ſo, it is evident from my offer, which you had better take,

for

for when money is wanted—you'll get no lawyer to take the *Will* for the *Deed*.

Manly. Sir, I deſpiſe your offer; nor ſhall any thing tempt me to abuſe my brother's bounty, by ſelling it, to gratify avarice and cunning; and tho' the horrors of a priſon ſtare me in the face, I will not rely ſo little on providence, as to exchange my confidence in its juſtice, to be duped by the artifice of intereſted and deſigning mortals. [*Exit*.

Capias. Well, if you're ſo fond of a priſon, there's one, extremely handy, and, within half an hour, you ſha'n't want for conductors to it. He's quite right in his ſuſpicion, tho', for, in this ſtick *was*, and *is* concealed, the identical deed we have been ſpeaking of—I would deſtroy it, but it's as well to get ſomething out of Antimony for his ſhare of it. I owe *him* a grudge or two for old acquaintance ſake; for I have often been puzzled to think, which of us is the greateſt rogue of the two.

Enter ANTIMONY.

Ah! there you are, my worthy friend—I'm monſtrous glad to ſee you.

Ant. And I am glad to ſee you, friend Capias. You know how generouſly I have advanced this Manly money, on the credit of what his brother might leave him; and, now, there's no property forth-coming, he has the audacity to hint at concealments.

Capias. Oh! I underſtand—the paper—Why, to be ſure, there *was* ſuch a thing, becauſe you and I ſaw it.

Ant. Yes; but his brother, for any thing we know, out of reſpect to us, may have generouſly clapt it in the fire.

Capias. He muſt have been light-headed then—but, now, don't be angry—I mean no offence—but you, really now, hav'n't a—any idea where it might happen to be?

Ant. Zounds, Sir, do you ſuſpect *me?*

Capias. Oh! dear, no—only, talking of its being clapt into the fire.—You know, laſt night, there was a box of papers burnt—and—now don't fly out:—for, upon my ſoul, I think it was a very clever trick of you.

Ant. Sir, my loſs of laſt night was ſufficiently ſerious, without—

Capias. Well, then, if, by any accident, you had ſuch a thing by you, I wou'dn't mind giving a trifle to ſee it on the fire, and, perhaps, you wou'dn't mind a trifle neither.

Ant. Who, me! Oh, the ſcoundrel! but I'll trick him. (*Aſide.*)

Capias. (*Aſide.*) He'll come down when I ſhew him the deed.

Ant. Now, my dear friend, what would *you* give, if I aſſured you, on my honour, it was burnt laſt night?

Capias. What a rogue! (*Aſide.*) Why, as to your honour—we won't talk nonſenſe—but, in caſe I could convince you it was not burnt—Now, if I knew—

Ant. Why, it's material to be ſafe in this buſineſs—And I really begin to think—

Capias.

Capias. Hadn't we better talk over this in the garden? Wainſcots and walls have ears—and ours is a cauſe that wants no witneſſes.

Ant. True, but are the bailiffs here for Manly?

Capias O yes! I never loſe ſight of buſineſs; tho' I found it very hard to get *bread*, when I was firſt ſtruck off the *rolls*; but I met with a clever fellow—I am rather clever myſelf.

Ant. You've a fund of merit—it's a pity you can't act.

Capias. It amounts to the ſame thing. We go partners—I give advice—he practiſes—its a new firm—I go upon the principle of being his clerk, you know—you underſtand me. [*Exit.*

Ant. (following.) Oh yes! It muſt be a new firm, if you go upon any principle at all.—I'm ſure that fellow has miſchief in his head! It's ſhameful to wiſh to cheat an old acquaintance; but I muſtn't quarrel with him, becauſe there's a little account between us, *againſt me*, which, *I'm* in hopes he has forgotten, and hang me, if I remind him of it—I hate him for his duplicity—And why he ſhou'd uſe it to me, I can't tell; for, tho' he's as great a rogue as ever lived, and I was his partner twenty years, I always treated him with the higheſt reſpect.

Capias. (*without.*) Come, friend Antimony—I'm at the bottom of the ſtairs.

Ant. Ay, my good Sir—I wou'd'nt care if you were at the bottom of the ſea. [*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Inn.*

Enter two BAILIFFS.

1ſt Bail. Let us ſee, brother Shouldertouch, the one writ is againſt Stamford, alias Manly, at the ſuit of Antimony, and the other againſt Antimony himſelf, at the ſuit of Mr. Capias.

2d Bail. Why, I thought Capias and Antimony were old friends.

1ſt Bail. Aye—but *you* and *I* know that friendſhips in roguery ſeldom laſt. I believe Mr. Antimony don't ſuſpect this. Mr. Capias only ſaw him laſt night, and it's ſome old partnerſhip account. Here, landlord! waiter!

2d Bail. Silence! We ſhall be heard too ſoon, and the game may eſcape. Here comes the landlord—I ſay, don't mention Antimony, becauſe he's a ſafe man, and will pay us for ſettling the buſineſs privately.

1ſt Bail. Aye, aye; but the other's only a player, and may be off if we don't inquire.

Enter MOTTO.

Motto. (*apart.*) Who have we here? Bailiffs! I hate the ſight of theſe fellows—I wiſh they were out of the houſe, and ſhou'd like to play 'em a trick.

2d Bail.

2d Bail. I ſay, my friend, do you know Mr. Capias?

Motto. Friend me no friends—I don't know any body, nor I don't owe any body—I'm full of buſineſs—*Otium cum dignitate*, and have no time for talking.

1ſt Bail. Well, we only want a lodger of yours, one Mr. Stamford, alias Manly; and, if you hold your tongue, when we have him, we'll keep him a few days, for the good of the houſe.

Motto. He's much oblig'd to you; but, I ſuppoſe, you mean, he ſhall keep *you* for the good of the houſe.—*A menſa et thoro*, as a body may ſay.

2d Bail. Why, it's no odds to you who pays, as long as we make him faſt.

Motto. I'm afraid he'll make *you* faſt at the ſame time; for he has no money.

Bailiffs. No money!

Motto. None in the world—he's a downright *ſinecure.*

Bailiffs. Then he may depend on going to priſon, that's all.

Motto. And a poor dependence it is. I muſt cheat theſe fellows. (*Aſide.*) A pretty rogue this Mr. Manly, to come to my houſe, and get arreſted before his bill comes to ten pounds.

1ſt Bail. Oh! we'll ſoon make his bill come to ten pounds, and, then, you may lodge a detainer.

Motto. What's a detainer?

2d Bail.

2d Bail. Why, lord help your head! a detainer is a thing, whereby, if ſo be, a man is once confined, it keeps him lock'd up a little longer.

Motto. Oh! a kind of *obſtando promoves*, as a body may ſay. But, ſtop, if you are ſeen by him, he'll eſcape. You ſhall go to his apartment, and I'll tell him he's wanted—Here, waiter! Beef, biſcuits, and a bottle for three!

2d Bail. Now, that's friendly!—You ſeem to have ſnug buſineſs here.—You might now and then give us ſome employment.

Motto. Here's employment for you!—Come, William!—The fellow creeps like a *Currente calamo.*

Enter WAITER, *with a Tray, &c.*

Take that to Mr. Manly's room. [*Exit* Waiter. I ſaw him ſtep out juſt now; and this will fill up your time till he returns.

Waiter *comes out again.*

This way, gentlemen!—Every thing's ready for you.

Bail. Won't you take a drop with us?

Motto. No; it does'nt ſuit me juſt now.—I'm afraid of miſſing my man. (*They go in.*) (*Calls after them*) You adviſe me to lodge a detainer?

Bail. (*From within.*) You're a flat, if you don't.

Motto. (*Locking them in.*) Then, here goes!—"A detainer is a thing whereby, if ſo be, when a man is once lock'd up, it keeps him ſo a little longer."

Enter

Enter HARRIET MANLY.

Don't come here, my dear young lady.—Where's your father?

Harriet. He's with Mr. Henry, Sir.

Motto. Then run to him in a *hic jacet*; tell Mr. Henry to ſhew him the way over the garden wall, bid him croſs the field on the right, croſs over the high road on the left, and then he'll be in the next county.

Harriet. But, Sir—

Motto. Not a ſyllable!—You muſt be *Vox, et preterea nihil.*—For your father's ſake do as I bid you, and leave the reſt to my management.

[*Exit* Harriet.

Hare. (*Without.*) Why, houſe! here, houſe!

Motto. What's the matter now, I wonder!

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. Sir, there's the old gentleman ſtorming the houſe down, becauſe his chaiſe is not ready for him.

Motto. Is he? Why, then, go tell him the chaiſe is quite ready; but the horſes are not come in from the laſt ſtage.—I'll amuſe him with a walk in the garden, ſhew him my fine look-out; and I ſay, Will, don't let a ſoul come near that door till I ſend this key. (*Peeps through.*)—They are buſy enough at preſent; but, for fear of a noiſe, I'll cut the bell-wire.—Remember, Will, they muſt be kept together—*Divide et impera*—and—

Hare. (*Calls without.*) Landlord!

Motto. Coming directly, Sir. [*Exit. Waiter.*

Waiter. So, while I ſtand here, John will ſnack all the company's ſixpences above ſtairs.—Ecod! maſter thinks one has nobody's buſineſs to mind but *his*.—I'll ſtep, and ſee I'm not cheated at any rate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Garden of the Inn.—At the Back a Wall; on one Side a large Tree, in which is a moveable Belvidere, or proſpect Summer-houſe.—A Chineſe ſtep Ladder is hooked on to aſcend by.—Two Chairs under the Tree.*

Enter MOTTO *and* Old HAREBRAIN.

Hare. Well, well, ſay no more—an hour hence will do. The poor beaſts muſt have reſt as well as ourſelves. I hate the man who would ill uſe a horſe.—They're a noble race of animals, and behave better to us than we do to them, I believe.

Motto. In one hour you'll have them, Sir.—And, when once I interfere, my ſervants are *Ad libitum*—always do as they're bid.—Hope you like the grounds, Sir—they're laid out for my friends at large, for I hate monopoly, and ſcorn to have any of my enjoyments *Pro bono publico.*

Hare. How charming! Lucky thing your perſuading a widow to give up all this!

Motto. It was to be, Sir!—Called in by accident to paint the window ſign, the powers of my pencil touched her heart.—*I* painted—*ſhe* coloured—I put the queſtion.—At firſt ſhe was a little *nem. con.*; but tho' ſhe ſaid ſhe was determined not to change her ſituation, I ſoon made her *Nolumus mutari,*

tari, and we two, became *Tria juncta in uno*, as a body may ſay.

Hare. You found her a good wife, however?

Motto. Rather partial to the *Onus probandi*, and my temper being meekneſs itſelf, *Fortiter in re*, we very ſoon parted, and became *Quis ſeparabit* till the hour of her death.

Hare. (*Pointing to the Belvidere.*) And pray do houſes grow here like acorns, or is that a new-faſhioned box-tree?

Motto. A whim of the dear woman's.—That was my wife's favourite look-out.

Hare. Why, with a tiff of punch, one might be very pleaſantly *elevated* there.

Motto. That was *her* caſe very often, Sir—and, bating the dwelling houſe on one ſide, the barn on the other, and the ſtables in front, it's no bad proſpect. Suppoſe you go up, Sir—you'll ſee more than you expect. *Parturiunt montes, naſcitur ridiculus mus.*

Hare. Oh, by all means! Muſt ſee the look-out, as you call it. Suppoſe you fetch ſomething by way of a whet. (*Goes up the ladder while he ſpeaks.*) Vaſtly pretty indeed! Eh! why, zounds, it turns round!

Motto. That's the beauty of it—ſhews every proſpect. I'll fetch you a whet, Sir, directly.—It wou'd make a good roſtrum, wou'dn't it, Sir?—Excellent place to talk from—quite *Favete linguis*, as a body may ſay. [*Exit.*

Hare. Yes, it wou'd make a charming place for an

an orator, becauſe he might *change ſides*, whenever it was convenient; and, then, come round again with all the eaſe imaginable. I'll take a peep the other way. (*Turns from the audience.*)

Enter HARRY *and* Mr. MANLY.

Harry. This way, Sir—this way!—We have already loſt too much time in converſation.—When I ſee my father, I am ſure to ſet all right.

Manly. Your father, perhaps, little thinks, that under the name of—

Harry. Never mind what he thinks now, Sir; but get over the wall as faſt as poſſible.—Fortunately here's a ladder. (*Unhooks it from the tree.*) This way, Sir—croſs the field, and, then, a fig for the bailiffs.

Manly. (*As he aſcends.*) For my daughter's ſake I will endeavour to preſerve my liberty; but to attempt to thank you—

Harry. Would, at this time, be the moſt ridiculous thing in the world.—So, jump on the bank on the other ſide, while I, like Ranger, ſecure the ladder to prevent purſuit.

(Manly *jumps down on the other Side, and* Harry *ſhoulders the Ladder, juſt as* Old Harebrain *turns himſelf round that way.*)

(*Not ſeeing his father.*) There!—that affair is ended; and, now the old boy is ſafe. (*Pointing to the Wall.*) I'll go, and have a few minutes talk with my dear, ſweet, angelic Harriet! (*Runs off with the Ladder.*)

Hare.

Hare. So, the old boy is quite ſafe, is he? He has cut off my retreat, ſure enough; he has run off like a lamplighter, with a ladder on his ſhoulders, and leaves me to turn round, like a rogue in the pillory. As I live there's old Antimony, and ſome one with him!—He muſtn't ſee me here—he'd have a fine laugh againſt me; for I ſhould be ſadly put to it, to prove this for the beſt.—So, I'll take t'other turn. (*Turns away.*)

Enter ANTIMONY *and* CAPIAS.

Ant. So, ſo! I think I begin to underſtand you, friend Capias.

Capias. Nothing more eaſy.—Not that I own to the poſſeſſion of the deed; but if ſuch a thing could be produced, and deſtroyed in your preſence, it certainly would be worth your while to give half the ſum you would otherwiſe have to pay.

Ant. Why, I don't know, Mr. Capias—I don't like the idea of ſelling my conſcience at half price. You will *get* nothing, and *loſe* much if it is not deſtroyed; and, therefore, I think, if you take a quarter inſtead of half, it will be quite enough for you to receive for—ſerving yourſelf as well as me.

Capias. Well, but now, let us ſit down, and I'll endeavour to convince you, that I am acting with the greateſt liberality.

Ant. That will be rather hard to do in the preſent caſe, I confeſs, Mr. Capias; but, come, come, you know me open to conviction, ſo let's hear your argument. (*They ſit.*)

Capias.

Capias. I believe we are both open to conviction; but that's no matter.—You know that this Mr. Stamford, alias Manly, who, with his daughter, we discovered in the disguise of provincial players, was in his early years a great benefactor to old Harebrain. (Harebrain *eagerly listens.*)

Ant. In consequence of which, when Harebrain became rich, he determined at Stamford's return from abroad, to give his son in marriage, with a large fortune, to Stamford's daughter.

Capias. Yes; but you knew better than to let him do that. You being a common friend to both, intercepted all their letters—made each believe the other had neglected him—and persuaded the blockhead, Harebrain, it was *All for the best*, forsooth, to marry his son to your niece, and throw all his hard-earned money into your family.—Ha! ha! ha! a clever hit indeed!

Hare. (half suppressing his voice, exclaims.) Oh! what a numskull!

Copias. Yes, yes; pretty well for that. You may well call him a numskull.

Ant. Who is a numskull?

Capias. You know.

Ant. But why do you take such pains to recapitulate what I am so well acquainted with already?

Capias. To convince you I am as well acquainted with it, as *you* are—and to let you know, that if you don't accede in full to my terms, I have it in my power to do justice to Mr. Stamford.

Ant.

Ant. But, Sir, you have ſaid enough to put yourſelf more into my power, than I am in yours.

Capias. Have I? where are your witneſſes?—I hav'n't ſaid a ſyllable, Mr. Antimony, and from this moment I ſhut my mouth. (*Riſes.*)

(Old Harebrain *turns round again.*)

Ant. Well, but, my good friend, why ſhou'd we quarrel. I have had one quarrel already, to-day, againſt my intereſt. Come, come, I may frighten old Harebrain into good humour; but you are a wiſer man—So, give me your hand—We will not diſagree about terms—The old block-head will enable me to pay, and you ſhall ſee how I'll make the ſtupid fool come down. (Harebrain *turns towards them.*)

Capias. Will you? Well, I ſhould like to ſee the ſtupid fool come down.

Hare. (*Stretching out his head from the Belvidere.*) Oh, that I cou'd come down for your ſakes!

Capias. What the devil's that? (*Drops his cane* —Harebrain *turns back.*)

Ant. A murmuring among the branches, that's all.

Capias. Sure, we hav'n't been watch'd.

Ant. There's no ſoul here—what the plague alarms you?

Capias. The noiſe came from that box in the tree.—(*They examine the tree.—As they go round it* Harebrain *turns the contrary way.*)

Ant. Who, or what can be there? There's no way of getting up to it. However, I can try

that with your cane. (*Picking it up*, Capias *runs and ſeizes it from him.*)

Capias. My cane! I wou'dn't have my cane hurt for the world.

Ant. Why, what is there in ſuch a thing as that, to be ſo anxious about?

Capias. Oh! a great deal; but my fear made me forget—I dare ſay it was nothing—I'll ſay no more, however. (*Aſide.*)—So, let's go in.

Ant. You are ſoon alarmed.—And, yet, a man who was ſtruck off the liſt of attornies ſhou'dn't be too nice, methinks.

Capias. All *your* fault, every bit of it; if you had but come forward for your friend, and ſworn thro' thick and thin, as an honeſt man ought to do; but you take me for the fooliſh good-natured old gull you came down with, and think—

Ant. Sir, I won't hear my friends abuſed.

Capias. Your friends! Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Ant. Sir, I may abuſe that gentleman myſelf, becauſe he is ſoon to be related to me; but, in other people I don't think it decent.

Hare. (*Leaning out, and diſcovering himſelf.*) Nor I neither, dam'me if I do. I tell you what, Gentlemen, if you don't go a little farther off, the ſtupid old gull will overhear every word you ſay.

Capias. Mercy on us! My mind miſgave me but too truly; and, now, the murder's out.

Ant. We had better brazen it out. I thought, Mr. Harebrain, you were ſuperior to ſuch petty artifices, and that you had been above liſtening.

Hare.

Hare. So I *was*, but if you had thought I *had* been *above* liſtening, you wou'dn't have let your tongue run ſo faſt. You ſaid you'd make the old fool *come down*.—Why don't you keep your word?

Enter HARRY, *with the ladder.*

Harry. (*Replacing it.*) There, honeſt friend, thou haſt done thy duty, and now to replace thee. (*Sees his father.*) Hey! why, what the deuce! Why, Sir, what are you doing?

Hare. Oh! I'm upon the *Look out.*

Harry. Were you up there, when I took away the ſteps?

Hare. Yes; and they are not the only ſteps you have taken to make me angry. But, it was *All for the beſt*, and I forgive you on account of the raſcality I have diſcovered. (*Comes down.*)

Harry. Sir, I have been ſaving a worthy man from the gripe of an old ſcorpion. (*Looking at* Antimony.)

Hare. And I, by liſtening to an old ſcorpion's *tale*, ſhall put it out of his power to ſting any one but himſelf.

Enter MOTTO.

Motto. Beg pardon for ſtaying ſo long; but I have prepared a moſt delightful morning's draught; and if you'll ſtep in and taſte it, you'll find it the true *noli me tangere.*

Hare. Take care of thoſe two worthy gentlemen.

Ant. Stop me who dare. I am anſwerable to no one here. Landlord, let me have a chaiſe; where is my trunk?

Motto (*To* Henry). It's in the room with the bailiffs. They muſtn't be let looſe—here's the key. (Harry *takes it.*)

Capias (*To* Motto). Don't let him go—I have ſome bailiffs here, who have a writ againſt him; it's an old affair, and he has no ſuſpicion of it.

Ant. Don't liſten to him; but tell me where I can find my property.

Harry. As I had the misfortune to injure ſome part of your luggage, laſt night, Sir, permit me to reſtore you the reſt. This key, Sir, will open the firſt room on the right; if you find company there, only mention your name, and the box will be delivered.

Motto. Yes, Sir, you'll find every thing *in forma pauperis.*

Ant. Mr. Capias, I ſhall ſubpœna you againſt any attack that gentleman may chooſe to make on my character.—So, d'ye hear, don't go till I have ſpoken with you. [*Exit.*

Capias. No, I won't go till I have ſpoken with you. Gentlemen, my addreſs is known—you may find me when you pleaſe, I am a ſtudent of the law, and might have been a barriſter. [*Going.*

Hare. You ſhall be called to the *bar*, as it is.—Landlord, I take all blame if you ſecure that gentleman.—He knows of a deed that muſt come to light.

Harry.

Harry. I'm afraid there will be more deeds come to light than he is aware of.

Motto. This way, Sir, we look like *par nobile fratrum.* I have the law on my ſide, ſo don't reſiſt, or I ſhall ſing *arma virumque cano* to its own tune.

Capias. No—I'll carry my own cane, if you pleaſe—So, proceed at your peril. (Motto *carries him off.)*

Hare. I ſay, Harry, what could induce you to leave me in that moveable machine, and make me turn the landlord's *look out* into a *watch-box.*

Hare. Sir, upon my honour, I had no idea you were there, and did it, to preſerve my friend, Manly, from the gripe of a couple of raſcals.

Hare. In hopes of obtaining his daughter's hand?

Harry. I confeſs it, Sir; and if exemplary duty, as a child, be any ſecurity for her making a good wife, ſhe will prove an unexceptionable one, believe me.

Hare. But you muſt marry the daughter of my old friend Stamford, who has been ſhamefully treated by thoſe men, and worſe by me, fool that I was, to be duped to the prejudice of a man ſo worthy.

Harry. I am glad, very glad, Sir, you have found your friend; but, as to his daughter, indeed you muſt (and I am ſure your goodneſs *will)* excuſe me.

Hare. But you're ſo fickle, you'll change your mind, if I do.

Harry. Not I, believe me, Sir. But where, and how did you diſcover your friend?

Hare. (*pointedly.*) In the diſguiſe of a *provincial actor*, accompanied by his *daughter*, and both bearing the aſſumed name of *Manly*.

Harry. Of Manly! What, he—and the lovely Harriet!! *He* your friend, and *ſhe* his daughter—ſhe Miſs Manly? With your leave, Sir, for fear Miſs Stamford ſhould be jealous, I'll marry 'em both, and look on myſelf the happieſt dog in Chriſtendom.

Hare. Well, but Harry, where is her father now?

Harry. *Where*, Sir? Why, dam'me, I hardly know where I am myſelf—you ſhall ſee him, Sir—ſtep into the houſe, and I'll juſt ſtep over the wall, and be back in an inſtant.

Hare. Why, Harry, my dear boy, you can't ſtep over the wall.

Harry (*taking the ſteps*). Not without the aſſiſtance of this, I believe, Sir. Pray, Sir, go into the houſe, and tell his lovely daughter, that I'll return in a tangent with her father in one hand, in hopes of permiſſion to take her in the other. [*Aſcends.*

Hare. But where the devil are you going?

Harry (*on the wall*). Only into the next county, Sir—I've got over too many difficulties to mind a ditch or two. (*Leaps down on the other ſide.*)

Hare.

Hare. Why, he is ſo mad to marry the girl, that the moment there's a likelihood of it, he jumps over a wall, and runs into the next county! Poor Stamford! I long to ſee him—Well, all's for the beſt. How lucky it was, the landlord aſk'd me to take a turn in the garden, that Hal ſhould take away the ſteps; and, how ſtill more extraordinary, if two rogues ſhould come to be hanged, and all for want of a ladder. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Landſcape.*

Enter Farmer ACORN (*looking off*).

Acorn. Bleſs my heart! how that old gentleman be hopping over t'hedges!—I ha'been watching him this half hour, and he have had ſuch a round of it, that if he goes on much further at that rate, he'll contrive, for all his plaguy hurry, to finiſh ſomewhere about t'place he ſet out from. He's coming this way, now—I'll ſtand by, and take notice a bit. [*Goes up.*

Enter MANLY.

Manly. I have bewildered myſelf among theſe intricate croſs roads, and will go no further. Safety for me, is ſcarcely worth exertion—An old man ſhould have leſs regard for conſequences, which are not the reſult of imprudence, than to fly them thus—(*ſees* Acorn.) And, yet, I may as well enquire. Farmer, how far have I to walk to the next county?

Acorn. What, towards the town there, Sir, or from the town?

Manly. Oh! from the town, my good friend, by all means.

Acorn. Oh! you ha'n't above thirty miles to walk.

Manly. Miles! Why, they told me, at the inn, it was ſcarcely two hundred yards; and that, when I croſſed a road, I ſhou'd be in the next county.

Acorn. Yes, Sir, but *this* is *this* county—you came out of t'next when you jumpt over t'hedge yonder.

Manly. Well, then, I am right, and may venture to reſt awhile.

Acorn. Ay, do, Sir. I ax pardon; but I begin to think, by your running out o'one ſhire into another, that you be a bit afeard o'ſome ſort o'bum-bailey's like—no offence—only, now I look again, I ſaw you come into town wi' play actors, and that looks a little ſuſpicious, you know.

Manly. I hope it made no ill impreſſion on you.

Acorn. Nay, Sir, I've nought to do with ill expreſſions—a player may be as honeſt as a farmer—I never ſays nought againſt'em; for there's no knowing i'theſe times, what one may come to be oneſelf.

Manly. There's a ſeat yonder—with your leave I'll ſit down awhile.

Acorn. You need not ax leave, Sir; tho', to be ſure, t'place is all mine, but while you ſit there, I'll look about to ſee that nobody is advancing behind us; for I hate bum-baileys, and love all gentlemen

in

in diſtreſs; and I'm ſure you have been one, ſome time in your life, if it's only by your manners.

Manly. I thank you ſincerely, and am ſorry I can do no more.

Acorn. I didn't expect you cou'd, or I wou'dn't have offer'd to help you. Folks that run away for debt, can't be vaſt rich.—Come, heads up, old man, don't fear being followed.—We're in Old England, and as far as yon hedge goes, I be a ſort of a king, and I'll defend my bit o'land, and all that's on it, againſt all manner of invaſions, and French publicans, as long as I can flouriſh a cudgel.

Manly. But you know I am out of danger here.

Acorn. That's what I ſay, Sir,—So ſit you down, and I'll fetch my keg of ale from next field, and while you take a ſup, if you have any friends waiting i'the town, to know your unfortunate fate, I'll go and inform 'em for you, wi' pleaſure.

Manly. Alas! I have a daughter!

Acorn. And ſo have I a *laſs* that's a daughter, and a bonny laſs ſhe is.—Why bleſs you, ſhe'd break her little heart, and cry fit to burſt, if I were as unlucky as you are.—So when you've had ſome drink, I'll go tell your daughter how comfortable I've made you.

Manly. Honeſt fellow! in a rough boſom, you poſſeſs the heart of an emperor. [*Exit.*

Acorn. Now that's the worſt o'theſe gentry folks.—They muſt have very little to do with honeſt men, if they make ſuch a fuſs about un. Here comes another—Who may he be I wonder.

Enter

Enter HARRY (*out of breath*).

Harry. Hark ye, Mr. Gubbins, did you ſee—?

Acorn. Sir my name be Farmer Acorn.

Harry. Never mind your name, but tell me, did you ſee a middle-aged ſort of an elderly gentleman enquiring for the next county?

Acorn. Oh! this is t'bailey. (*Aſide.*) Yes Sir, I did.

Harry. Where, where did you ſee him?

Acorn. Why juſt here, Sir.

Harry. And where is he now?

Acorn. He's gone, Sir.

Harry. Gone! which way did he go?

Acorn. He went a-foot Sir; and if you want to follow him, you muſt go that way (*pointing to the oppoſite road,*) you muſt go ſtrait on, till you can go no further.

Harry. Well?

Acorn. Why, then you muſt ſtop.

Harry. You're an impudent bumpkin, and if I had time, I'd let you know—(*going.*)

Acorn. Stop, Sir;—as you hav'n't time, you muſt go round by t'road.—This is t'way to my farm, and no thoroughfare for running-footmen, or bum-baileys.

Enter MANLY.

Manly. My worthy protector, this gentleman is a friend, and perhaps brings me intelligence!—

Harry. That I do,—and ſuch intelligence!—My father waits with impatience to ſhake hands with

an

an old friend.—Your daughter will be in raptures at ſeeing you reſtored to her, and I am all extaſy to think what a glorious union there will be of the two families.

Manly. When your ſpirits are a little lowered, I ſuppoſe you'll raiſe mine, by relating the particulars.

Acorn. And, pray Sir, where be the bum-baileys all this time!

Harry. Under lock and key, you rogue.—Why zounds! I believe you took *me* for one of them.

Acorn. Why, Sir, there's hardly any knowing a man from his betters, now-a-days.—I thought I ſhou'd have had the pleaſure of giving you a bit of a threſhing; but as you are that gentleman's friend, I ſhall be happy to ſarve you another time.

Manly. Come, let us be gone.—And let me have the pride of introducing to my friends, a man who knows how to reſpect and ſhelter the unfortunate.

Harry. Come along then.—Come, friend Sturdy boots—you'll ſhew us the neareſt way now.

Acorn. No, thank ye, Sir, I'll ſhew you t'way, but can't go far.—I've got to ſee the cows home, pen up ſheep, and fother the cattle.—Shelter the unfortunate! it would be hard indeed, if a man who feeds hogs every night of his life, ſhould refuſe to ſhare his morſel with a Chriſtian, or try to ſave him from the clutches of a mercileſs creditor.—This way, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.—*A room in the Inn.*

The two BAILIFFS *discovered.*

1ſt Bailiff. No, the bell won't ring, defendant is forewarn'd, and we are finely trapp'd.

2d Bailiff. As ſhameful a reſcue as ever was known.

1ſt Bailiff. Reſcue! I call it falſe impriſonment, and in my private opinion—

ANTIMONY *unlocks the door, and enters.*

Ant. Sorry to interrupt buſineſs, Gentlemen, but the landlord gave me the key, and my affairs demand I ſhou'd be off directly.—Let's ſee, (*reads,*)—Andrew Antimony,—that's my trunk ſure enough.—(*taking it.*)

2d Bailiff. (*Getting between him and the door.*) Coudn't think of your taking that trouble, Sir, —the Landlord after all, knows his buſineſs, and we know ours.—There Sir (*ſhews the writ*).

Ant. Arreſted at the ſuit of Capias! I'm aſtoniſhed at the fellow's villainy.

1ſt Bailiff. Why, Lord, Sir! I thought you were old acquaintances.

Enter MOTTO *with* CAPIAS.

Motto. (*Speaking as he enters.*) You won't be detained a minute more than is neceſſary, Sir, —only take it eaſy, and your confinement ſhall be *fine die.*

Capias. Mighty well, but I'll teach you what

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an abominable thing it is to lay hands on the liberty of a fellow-ſubject.

Ant. You're a pretty fellow to talk of liberty. Officers, take me any where from the ſight of that old Baſiliſk.

Enter Old HAREBRAIN *and* MANLY.

Hare. Say no more, my old friend.—There are the ſcoundrels we have to thank for our miſtaken conduct, and long ſeparation. Don't crawl away, ye deſtructive caterpillars, (*to* Antimony *and* Capias, *who are retiring*,) but as you value your ſafety, do juſtice to the man I am proud to call my friend; who took me by the hand, when Bankruptcy ſtared me in the face.—And if I don't ſtand by him while he has a ſingle ſorrow to contend with, may I be a bankrupt in reality, and have you for my attorney. (*To* Capias.)

Capias. Before another word is ſaid, I beg leave to clear my character; for as to what that gentleman pretends to have overheard, the authority of one doubtful witneſs, can never hold good, when I ſolemnly ſwear,—I beg pardon,—juſt hold my hat and ſtick (*to* Manly, *who mechanically takes them*). I ſay, I moſt ſeriouſly declare, that I have given up all that Gentleman's property into his own hands.

Manly. Aſtoniſhing effrontery!

Capias. I ſay it's true.—And I repeat it, in ſpite of whatever you may chooſe to ſay to the contrary.

Hare. (*Snatches the cane from* Manly.) You impudent old Plotter, how dare you impeach my veracity? My love of Truth is my hobby, and I'll bang you like a ſtock-fiſh, for daring to imply a doubt of it.—I a doubtful witneſs? (*Makes a blow at* Capias; *miſſes him, and ſtrikes the floor; which breaks the hollow cane, and ſome papers fly out of it.*)

Manly. (*Picking up a paper.*) My own property; —the very paper,—the very deed intruſted to his care.

Ant. Oh! you old rogue!

Motto. A rogue indeed! *In patriam populumque.*

Hare. I was very ſorry I miſſed my blow; but 'twas *all for the beſt*, wasn't it, old Antimony?

Manly. As by this paper I ſhall be able to ſatisfy my creditors, I leave that gentleman to the puniſhment of his own conſcience.

Motto. Then he'll eſcape; for he don't ſeem to *have* any.—Quite *non coram judice*, as a body may ſay.

Enter HARRY, HARRIET, *and* REFERENCE.

Harry. Here ſhe comes, Sir.—The church is next door, the parſon's in the parlour, and the lawyers are in the town hall.—One ſhall make out the licence, the other may draw up the ſettlements.—And you really don't know how much you'll oblige me, by letting us be married immediately.

Hare:

Hare. Oh! this is the magnet that attracted Harry from his ſtudies.

Harry. This, Sir, is a lady, to merit whoſe good graces will be a ſtudy nothing ſhall ever detach me from.—She has adhered to her father in diſtreſs, and joins with me in thanking this gentleman, (*to* Reference,) for having aided her in the pleaſing duty of ſoftening the viciſſitudes he has encountered.

Manly. He is entitled to my warmeſt gratitude, and—

Ref. Not a word, Sir.—I merely came to congratulate my friend on the near proſpect of his *Wedding-day*, and to wiſh he may eventually be entitled to the *Flitch of Bacon*.

Motto. I hope, gentlemen, that you will do me the honour to make this houſe the ſcene of the wedding feſtivity.

Harry. That we will;—for after receiving ſo much ſatisfaction here, I ſhould be ungrateful indeed, were I ever to neglect this houſe, while I have ſo many friends to meet me in it.

Ant. And I hope, gentlemen, that I—

Hare. Shall have all poſſible juſtice. The man who could divide two friends, for his private intereſt, deſerves to be puniſhed with a mind like your own, to look only on the dark ſide of human nature, and to be blind to every thing, but the faults of his fellow creatures.

Harry. Unlike our patrons here, who, gifted with

with liberality peculiarly their own, are ever anxious for a motive to approve,—who often pardon where they cannot praiſe, and whom we ſolicit to ſanction our reſpectful endeavours, by kindly accepting THE WILL FOR THE DEED.

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